

SEEN IN THE WASHINGTON SHOPS

BY ELENORE DE WITT EBY.

CHRISTMAS wreaths and garlands already decorate the windows of the large department stores and seem to give a cheery warning to the busy shoppers who hurry down the aisles that the holiday season is just around the corner. The shops are, of course, lovelier and more tempting now than at any other time of the whole year, and it is a pleasure to ramble through them, even though one may have no thought of buying. However, it is apt to prove a dangerous pastime, for the shopper who is "just looking around" usually returns with an armful of bundles and an empty purse.

Christmas means more than an ornamented tree surrounded by gifts nowadays. For one thing, it means new evening frocks, silver slippers and new white gloves; for the suburbs come trooping home from school to join their older sisters in a continuous whirl of bridge luncheons, teas and dances, and of course, they must have new wardrobe. Perhaps they shyly hint that they'd like new fans, and rhinestone buckles and heels for their dancing pumps, and sparkling combs for their hair, too, so that if the four parents are able and willing they may expend a small fortune on the party outfits of these "frivolous" little persons known as "dappers."

The evening frock of gold matelasse and lace which is sketched with the heart of any young girl, and perhaps of any young man. The bodice is quaintly tight and includes rather wide shoulder straps, and its lower

neck and diminutive sleeves, and it is seamed so as to form a basque. The skirt is circular at the sides, and the ruffled edge is trimmed with garlands of crinkled rosebuds, which



PEARL-STUDDED HEADRESS FOR FORMAL EVENING WEAR.

add a quaint touch of loveliness to the creation. The girl who likes velvet would be delighted with a black model displayed in one of the shops. It is fashioned with a loose blouse and a sweeping circular skirt which drapes at each side and reveals a facing of silver cloth. A wide sash of silver ribbon circles the waist and is particularly effective on its dark, rich background.

The headress pictured is composed entirely of pearls and consequently could be worn with any evening gown, provided its lines were dignified. It resembles a tiara at the front, and circles of pearls appear at each side, catching showers of bead droplets when the wearer tilts her shoulders, and also loop picturesquely under the chin like the headress of an Egyptian princess.

History of Your Name.

BY PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN

PIPER

RACIAL ORIGIN—English.
VARIATION—Pipard.
SOURCE—An occupation.

The family name of Piper may come from either one of two sources, though that of Pipard is apparently traceable to only one. Undoubtedly the name of Piper is for the most part of occupational origin, that occupation being the pious, the player of the bagpipes. This explanation has been objected to by many on the ground that the bagpipe is to be found only in Scotland or Ireland, whereas Piper is a name most frequently met with in England.

The fact is, however, that while the bagpipe today cannot be classed as an English instrument, it was once quite generally in use, particularly in Northumbria, during that period of the middle ages in which family names were first developed. In some instances Piper is merely a changed spelling of the name Pipard. This name is of Norman-French origin, developed from a sobriquet or nickname signifying clever, or "foxy." There was a Ralph Pipard at the time of Henry the Eighth, who won great honors for his generalship in the Scottish and Welsh wars of that period.

PAM'S PARIS POSTALS



PARIS, November 8.—Dear Ursula: The newest fan is a few gold sticks with a large purple petal hanging on the end. Bob says it reminds him of the bits of red rag one hangs on sticks to frighten away birds from freshly planted seeds. But then—he has no poetry in his soul.

PAMELA.

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BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess.

Paddy the Beaver Explains.

Though play is good, none but a shrew will ever regret to return to his hole.

—Paddy the Beaver.

Paddy and Mrs. Beaver chuckled as they watched the expression on Peter Rabbit's face when he was told who Mrs. Paddy was. He was so surprised that it was quite a full minute before he could find his tongue. When he did he stammered. Yes, sir, he stammered.

"I—I am ever so glad to—to—to meet you, Mrs. Paddy," said he. "I—I—when did it all happen?" he finished lamely.

Paddy the Beaver laughed right out. It tickled him to see Peter so upset. "It happened when I was off on a journey last summer," replied Paddy.

"I didn't know you had been on a journey," said Peter. "Where did you go?"

"You wouldn't know if I should tell you," replied Paddy. "I was back near my old home. I like a vacation in the summer, and I always take one. This year I thought I would go to my old home."

"Wasn't it very dangerous to make a long trip like that?" Peter interrupted.

Paddy nodded. "It was rather dangerous," said he. "But I kept in or near the water most of the way, and, as you see, I am back safe and sound."

"And you brought Mrs. Paddy back with you?" inquired Peter.

"Of course," replied Paddy. "You don't suppose she would have come alone, do you? She came back with me and we arrived only a short time ago, just in time to start work to prepare for winter. You see it will take twice as much time to get ready as it ever has before because there will be two of us to eat it."

"Will you use your old house?" inquired Peter.

"We certainly will," spoke up Mrs. Paddy. "There isn't time to build a new one, even if we wanted to. We will have all we can do to harvest our food. That house is plenty big enough for two, and I am sure we shall pass a very comfortable winter there. Paddy is a good builder, if I do say so."

Peter nodded. "He's the best builder I know of," said he. "I'm glad you think so, Peter," said he. "I had a good vacation, but it certainly is a shame to have to leave the house so early. I don't want Mrs."



ORIGINAL EVENING GOWN OF SILVER CLOTH AND JADE RIBBON.

edge tapers into a point at the center front in true basque fashion. The fabric is lustrous metal cloth quilted in a flowerlike motif with threads of gold. The skirt is wired out a bit at the hips, so that its buoyancy is in keeping with the old-fashioned silhouette of the bodice, but the gold lace of which it is made was undreamed of in grandma's days. In fact, the richness of the materials is today literally sparkling from tip to toe, or, more truly speaking, from her jeweled headress to her rhinestone heels.



DANCING FROCK OF GOLD LACE AND MATELASSE.

stone heels; and fashion has decreed that her frills shall also sparkle, so gold and silver cloth, or silk brocade with bright metal threads, are more in demand than any other fabric of the hour.

The second gown illustrated is of silver cloth, artistically trimmed with lace-colored ribbons. The bodice is of straight lines that are almost classical in their severity, and the neckline is consequently bateau and unadorned. The skirt hangs in ripples that are creased here and there to give a semblance of accordion pleats, but its lines are as straight as those of the bodice, so that the extreme fullness is concealed.

The girdle is composed of beaded strands of jade and crystal, laid together in alternate layers so as to give a striped effect, and terminate at the center front in a plaque of larger jade stones. Pale green ribbon is knotted into soft bows at each hip, the ends hanging almost to the hem of the skirt.

A simpler frock seen is of delicate violet-colored tulle, which depends into purple and blue at the hem. The bodice has a square shadow.

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Menu for a Day.

BREAKFAST.
Sliced Bananas.
Cereal.
Broiled Ham.
Browned Potatoes.
Waffles with Maple Syrup.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Sardine Rarebit.
Bread and Butter.
Creamed Potatoes.
Carrot Salad.
Tea.

DINNER.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Roast Beef with Potatoes.
Browned Potatoes.
Creamed Cabbage.
Pineapple Salad.
Chocolate Baked Fruit.
Salted Nuts. Coffee.

LISTEN, WORLD!

BY ELSIE ROBINSON.

There's a phrase which I detect. It has cast its awful spell over me for many a moon. But at last I have found strength to rebel, and this spot will mark the murder. This phrase is "years of discretion."

It is a highly esteemed phrase. It moves in the very best sets of human phraseology. I doubt if a hand has ever before been raised to it harm. But my hand is—both of 'em. I hereby declare that that phrase is the bunk. It has the dignity, the reliable appearance of an over-stuffed davenport, but in reality it is antiquated rubbish and should be cast into the attic along with the busted "what-ifs."



THE DISCREETEST ANIMAL ON EARTH IS A RABBIT, BUT—

not, the knitted antimacassar, the red flannel underwear and the funeral wreath from Uncle Eben's coffin.

All the miserable goals to hold up before human endeavor, discretion is the puniest. Why should man, the crowning achievement of evolution, the master of the universe, the one best bet in the biological program, consider that he has reached his perfection when he has at last attained "discretion"? When you come right down to an intimate study of discretion, the discreetest animal on earth is a rabbit. But who wants to be a rabbit?

No, I'm not joking. I'm in earnest. This is a religious war and I'm its Mahatma. I truly believe that this making an ideal of discretion has worked incalculable harm. It sanctifies cowardice, dignifies stupidity, sets a premium on laziness and selfishness. Since we are naturally prone to be cowardly, stupid, lazy and selfish, we naturally love to death a slogan which makes virtues of these inclinations. But it's a bad slogan.

There never yet was a great man who was discreet. The leaders and prophets, the adventurers, reformers, discoverers, didn't "play" anything but safe, and they defied all society by doing so. Generally, society got even with them by crucifying them or sending them to the poorhouse. Which is the main reason why discretion is socially popular.

Nevertheless, if we would be worthy the name of men, we should aim to arrive, not at years of discretion, but at years of inspired recklessness, heroic effort, untrammeled daring, unselfishness, and the like. We should teach our children that the test of a man lies not in how he saves himself, but in how he spends himself.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Housewives who have been taking advantage of the sales to replenish their glassware should treat the new glass in the following way before it is used. First, it should be immersed in cold water and left to soak for half an hour. Then it should be placed on the fire and boiled for ten minutes, after which it should be allowed to cool. The glassware must not be used until it is quite cold.

Chicken Baked in Milk.
Clean the chicken and cut it in pieces. Put it into baking dish and cover with a mixture of half milk and half cream, with pepper and salt to taste. By the time the milk has cooked away the chicken will be tender and delicious.

YOUR HOME AND YOU
BY HELEN KENDALL.

The woman who is a book-lover, and not only has a well stocked bookcase, but gets all the current volumes from the library, will find a

great convenience in the "book book" kept by a friend of mine. In this handy volume she keeps a record of all other volumes and a complete record of books wanted, books returned, books borrowed, books lent, books given away, and much other information that is usually carried in that most untrustworthy filing-case, the head.

This "book book" of hers is a capacious blank book, with stout cloth covers and unruled pages. In one section of it she keeps a list of new books compiled from the reviews in the newspapers, recommendations of friends and notices on library bulletin boards. The list is constantly changing, added to almost daily, and each book is crossed off as it is read.

In another section a record of library books is kept. The date the book was secured and the date it is due are entered; or, although this is often lost sight of, and a reminder in her frequently consulted book of books wanted.

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If you were a Beaver I suspect you wouldn't have any dam at all, said Paddy with a twinkle in his eye. "You'd be too lazy to build a dam. You'd probably would go wandering about until you found a place where you could live in a hole in a bank. I've seen Beavers of that kind. Mrs. Paddy is quite right, and we have gossiped long enough. If you'll excuse us, Peter, we will get to work at once."

Of course, Peter said he would excuse them, but at the same time he begged them to wait a moment while he worked. And this they were very glad to have him do. So together they set off on the Laughing Brook where Peter had entered the book.

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Girls and Their Interests

BY HELEN H. FETTER.

MISS RUTH C. WHITE of the Girl Scout headquarters has announced the following as the new officers elected at the annual council meeting held in the boardroom of the Y. W. C. A. Tuesday afternoon at 11 o'clock: Mrs. Powell Clayton, commissioner; Mrs. Charles L. Hamlin, first deputy commissioner; Mrs. Richard Harlow, second deputy commissioner; Mrs. Myron Whitney, third deputy commissioner; Mrs. Joseph H. Hampson, treasurer; and Miss Louise King, secretary.

The new chairman for the various committees of the Girl Scout organization were also elected at this meeting. They are: Mrs. J. Harris Franklin, on the committee of activities; Mrs. Frederick Atherton, awards committee; Mrs. Charles R. Lindsay, Jr., camp committee; Mrs. John V. Murray, membership committee; Mrs. Helen R. Scudder, troop committee; Mrs. Frederick H. Brooke, ways and means committee; Miss Helen Jones, tea house committee; Mrs. Amos A. Fries, education committee; and William H. Church, publicity committee.

Announcement was made that the girls who are leaders of the four different troops are giving a tea on Saturday afternoon, December 3, at the Pierce Mill tea room, in honor of the new council officers. One of the principal features of the program will be singing by the glee club, a new band and the Girl Scout activities. There were about forty members of the council present at the annual meeting Tuesday.

SERIES OF LECTURES.

MISS MABEL NELSON THURSTON, head of the large club of girls of the Church of the Covenant, known as the Every Girl Class, has started a series of interesting lectures under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. given at the association headquarters on F street. The meetings are open to all interested, but were originally intended primarily to interest the mem-

bers of the business girls' clubs affiliated with the association. The talks are on the general subject of success in life. The first talk, called "The Start," was given last Thursday evening. The next, entitled "Dark Days," will be given tonight. The remaining talks in the series are "The Tailor," scheduled for December 7; "Victories," December 14; "Riches," December 21; and "Supreme Success," date uncertain.

The members of the Girl Reserves are especially invited to attend these talks.

CLUB TO HAVE PARTY.

MISS FLORENCE DUNLOP, secretary of the business girls' department of the Y. W. C. A., has announced that the members of the Allegheny Club will have a party at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters tomorrow night, December 2, for supper, to be followed by a delightful evening program. There will be music, games and stunts. Miss Beattie Little is chairman of the committee of arrangements for the party.

PREPARING CLUB BOOK.

MISS SYLVIA CARRIGAN is chairman of the committee appointed by the president of the Central High School Girls' Club to take charge of the compilation of material for a club book. Miss Thelma Castle originated some unusually good art sketches, which were accepted by the members of the club as suitable for illustration in this book. Miss Josephine Gillis, treasurer of the club, gave a report at the last meeting of the club on the probable cost of the publication, and Miss Coolidge and Miss Summy of the faculty offered some suggestions that were gladly accepted by the girls in order to develop the practical value of their book.

This publication will be known as "The Girls' Club Book" and will contain a picture of each girl who has earned a letter in any branch of athletics while in Central High School, and will also contain a short sketch of what she has done along other lines as well as in sports.

The Diary of a Professional Movie Fan

BY GLADYS HALL.

Dame Gossip.

Today as I was lunching at a hotel where most of the stars lean upon the staff of life when they are in town, Doug Fairbanks came breezily in, and Leach Baird and Dick Bartlett and Charles Bryant (husband of Nazimova), and Natalie Talmadge and Edmund Blaisdell and several movie editors, critics, interviewers et al. Naturally, there was gossip. I had more or less of a central table and bits of common talk drifted to me now and then. I may or may not have heard it correctly, but it was so interesting that I am transcribing it. I was distracted by the distressing fact that Dick Bartlett, fresh from the high seas and the filming of his last picture, "Fury," needed a shave, and the cut of Doug's English suit was such that my eyes were practically corralled in that direction. How I want to see "Robin Hood!" I wager it will be a galactic sight.

While on pictures, I saw Dick in "The Bond Boy" the other night, and he gives, as usual, a moving, poignant, splendid performance, but his story is lame as compared to "Tollable David." You know, I don't believe that Dick has begun to find his story yet; his ability is only semi-tapped. "Broken Blossoms" was the nearest to it—yes, and "Tollable David," too.

Oh, yes; and Tommy Meighan was there with Leatrice Joy and her mother, and he asked me how I liked "Manslaughter" and I told him I liked him fine in it, and I did. I think he is convincing and solid and fine and real. I should say, "I should say. Of course, you know more or less what to expect of a Cecil. Me, just as I do."

Natalie Talmadge talked mostly about the baby and invited me to tea with her next week, after which event I shall write you about it. But in between babyisms she did say that her mother, "Peg" Talmadge, has written a book, called "The Talmadge Sisters," in which she tells, as only a mother can tell, the actual, real, honest-to-goodness story of her life from infancy to industry—film industry. Natalie says that "Peg" has omitted almost nothing. She has included their childish pranks, child-



DOUG FAIRBANKS IN HIS ENGLISH CLOTHES.

ish sweethearts; young, sprouting hopes and dreams and a "that, I should say that to read 'The Talmadge Sisters' would be the fan's wishbone. I certainly expect a copy of it as a Christmas gift. A 'professional fan' can ask no more, no less.

I heard tell that Colleen Moore is writing magazine articles. One of them is aptly titled "Directors I Have Met." She writes, I believe, the truth unexpurgated.

Some one remarked, casual-like, that Tony Moreno had the big thrill of his life when he made a recent appearance in a picture theater in Tahiti and a little native girl presented him with a wreath of flowers and a kiss—which was returned.

Your Home and You

BY HELEN KENDALL.

The Book Book.

The woman who is a book-lover, and not only has a well stocked bookcase, but gets all the current volumes from the library, will find a

great convenience in the "book book" kept by a friend of mine. In this handy volume she keeps a record of all other volumes and a complete record of books wanted, books returned, books borrowed, books lent, books given away, and much other information that is usually carried in that most untrustworthy filing-case, the head.

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Plain Moroccan Crepe Frocks

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

It was Vionnet of Paris who made the crepe frock fashionable. She created it to look simple and fool those who thought to copy it, for it was

when it lost its throbbing grip on fashion it gave way to mauve, to terra cotta, to jade green, to white and to gray.

It is not a rarity for a woman to have six of these crepe frocks in different colors, one of which is black. Though she may not wear black every hour of the day and of the evening, she has not put it out of her wardrobe. She depends on one black costume for most service.

Georgette crepe is not the weave chosen for the day. Moroccan is preferred, although there are many other weaves like it with names too numerous to mention. The requirement is that the fabric should be opaque. Georgette, being translucent, is kept for evening wear, although it is not preferred to the thicker weaves. There are women who insist upon opaque crepe for dinner gowns, if not evening gowns.

In the post-war period there was little attempt to be formally frocked in the evening, but through the persist